

FEBRUARY

A. Nelsie Publication

10¢

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

Six-Gun Heroes

Trouble in
Bonanza

LASH
LA RUE

BOOM!

Buntline
Magic

WYATT EARP



ANNE
OAKLEY

Queen of
Alkali
Flats

read these
explosive action
stories that made your
favorite heroes legends
in their own
time!

Gila River
Fracas

WILD BILL
HICKOK



CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

WYATT EARP

"BUNTLINE MAGIC"

THE PRICOLE KID, UP FROM SONORA WITH TWO OF THE FASTEST GUNS IN THE WEST, HAD AMBITIONS TO BE THE TOP GUN DOG ON THE BORDER. HE FIGURED WYATT EARP'S SPECIAL BUNTLINE MODEL COLT WAS STRICTLY FOR LAUGHS, AND HE ACTED ACCORDINGLY...

GET HIM, AMIGO!

POW
POW

CARRASCO! I
SERVE UP!

YOU GENTS STILL FIGURE I
AM NOT A REAL LAWMAN? YOU
--THE PRICOLE KID--YOU
SAID MY BUNTLINE COLT WAS
FOR SHOW-OFFS!

WE WERE WRONG, SENOR! YOU
LET US GO, NOT WE HARSHED
NO ONE. WE HAVE LEARNED
OUR LESSON!

McLester
and
Tucker

SIX - GUN HEROES

I HEARD YOU GOT TO GO TO JAIL, BOYS! YOU TRIED TO GUN DOWN AN OFFICER OF THE LAW--BESIDES, DISTURBING THE PEACE!

JUST ONE MINUTE, MARSHAL BARD!

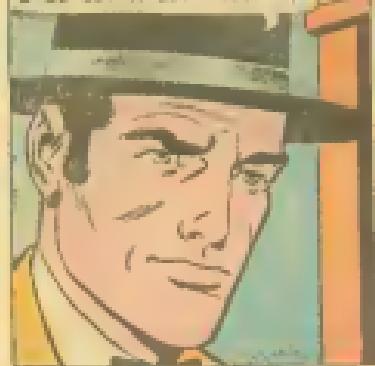
WE CANNOT JAIL THEM MARSHAL! OUR JAILER QUIT THIS MORNING! WE MUST FINE THEM INSTEAD!

ALL RIGHT, IREZ, YOU'RE A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE! SO AHEAD--FINE 'EM!



JUST REMEMBER, SENORES: IF YOU START TROUBLE ONCE MORE, I'LL GET A LOT ROUGHER!

THE FOUR BORDER BANDITS PAID FINES--THIRTY DOLLARS EACH--AND GOT OFF THE STREETS, BUT WHATT KHEW MORE TROUBLE LAY AHEAD...



DO NOT SPEAK IN THAT...

YOU SEE THE TINY GUN, EH, AMONG IT IS NOT BIG LIKE WHATT BARD'S, BUT JUST AS DEADLY, I TALK YOU LISTEN!



WE IREZ IS GIVIN' 'EM MORE INSTRUCTIONS! I'M GONNA CATCH HIS TAIL IN THE DOOR THIS TIME! MISTER IREZ IS A POLITICIAN BUT HE'S NOT IMMUNE FROM THE LAW!



CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

WAIT
W. GAMBOL /
I AM A
PEACEFUL
MAN... I
WANT NO
TROUBLE...

THEZ,
YOU'RE A
FRIEND OF
THESE
GENTS.
HEHT THAT
IS. 'BUT YOU
HAD 'EM
PAY A
FINE IN
STEAD OF
GOIN' TUH
JAIL!

WHERE'S THE EIGHTY BUCKS
THEY PAID YUN IN
FINEST WAD AIM TIN
KEEP IT FOR YORESELF
OR GIVE IT BACK TO
THEM?

THEZ, SHAKE-FAST, PALM-
ED HIS GORE-14368, FLICK-
ED HIS WRIST UP TO
FIRE AND GOT A SECOND
DEMONSTRATION OF GAMBOL'S
GUNTLIN' SPECIAL IN
ACTION...



...KEEP THIS TON
IN, KID. YOU SLOP
FOR THE BORDER WITH
YOUR AMIGOS? SO LONG
CENTS...

THE FRIGGLE
KID'S DANGEROUS,
WHATTA
PATCH YORE-
SELF AFTER
THIS!

JOE THEZ
IS MORE
DANGERO-
US
PEAS/
POLICE
IN TOWN
THINK HE'S
JUST A POL-
ITICAL...

JOE THEZ HAS A BORDER
BANDIT BEFORE HE MADE
HIS STAND AND CAME UP
HERE TO TRY HIS HAND
AT GAMBLIN' AND LAND
DEALS! HE'S LOSIN' HIS
SHIRT WORKIN' HONEST
SO HE'S GONNA TEY SOMETHIN'
BIG ON THE WRONG
SIDE OF THE LAW!



CONT. NEXT PAGE

WIN

A BIG PRIZE!

CAN YOU NAME

the 6 foreign countries
these pictures
stand for?

ACT!
NOW!

WE'LL SEND YOU an exciting
COLLECTION of **REAL FOREIGN COINS**

YES! ABSOLUTELY FREE! Also we'll mail BIG CATALOG showing
Bikes, Bells, Gens, Watches, etc. — You can get at no cost!

YOU'LL RECEIVE
REAL COINS FROM
NATIONS OF THE
WORLD,
SUCH AS . . .

MEXICO



JAPAN, FINLAND



BRAZIL



CHINA



INDIA



ITALY



AUSTRIA



FRANCE



ENGLAND



COLLEC-
TION!



CHECK YOUR 6 CHOICES
IN THE COUPON BELOW!

If You Get 6 Right

WE'LL SEND YOU an exciting
COLLECTION of **REAL FOREIGN COINS**

YES! ABSOLUTELY FREE! Also we'll mail BIG CATALOG showing
Bikes, Bells, Gens, Watches, etc. — You can get at no cost!

Now we'll GIVE you real COINS from strange, far-away lands! Start
your own coin collection! Trade with other kids! Simply check on
coupons the 6 options which match the pictures and mail to us. If correct,
we'll send you BIG FREE CATALOG of wonderful PRIMARIES —
Bikes, Watch Winders, Gens, Bells and dozens of others — and tell
you how to get them at no cost! Simply offer **West CLOVERINE**
BRAND SALVE, easily used to friends, relatives and neighbors at 50¢ a
package, and choose your PRIMARIES at CASH COMMISSION! But
right now, identify the pictures and get your **REAL FOREIGN COIN**
COLLECTION! Mail coupon today!

MAIL COUPON—WIN REAL FOREIGN COINS!

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 99-10, Tyrone, Pa.
Coupon shown in pictures are 1/4inch in size!

SPAIN AUSTRALIA EGYPT
 ITALY CANADA INDIA
 JAPAN HOLLAND SWITZERLAND

If I'm a winner, rush my FOREIGN COINS and 14 packages
of **West CLOVERINE** BRAND SALVE to me at 50¢ a package.
I will send payment with-in 10 days, select a
PRIMARIES or keep CASH COMMISSION as explained under
PRIMARIES in Catalog with my order, postage paid to start.

Name Age

Street RD Box

Town Zone State

Print Last Name
Print First Name

Print coupon on post-card or mail in envelope today!

WILSON CHEMICAL CO.

Dept. 99-10.

TYRONE, PA.

CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

THE WILY MARSHAL
SERVED TO
FORGET
ALL ABOUT
IMEZ AND
HIS
SONORA
AMIGOS.
HE SPENT
THE NEXT
FEW DAYS
DOING
LAUGHING
NEAR THE
JAILHOUSE.



IMEZ HAS BEEN IN AND OUT
OF THE BANK A DOZEN TIMES
TODAY AND HE HAS HIS EYE
ON THE EXPRESS COMPANY
NEXT DOOR, TOO!



IMEZ MADE HIS PREPARATIONS.



...WHILE MARSHAL BARP MADE HIS...

YEP, MOI, IMEZ WILL HAVE A GANG IN
TOWN TONIGHT TO LOOT THE BANK AND THIS PLACE.
BETTER STASH THE CASH ELSEWHERE FOR
A FEW DAYS!



SIX - GUN HEROES



THE FELJOUE KID AND HIS TOUGH KIDS WENT INTO TOWN AFTER MIDNIGHT. JOE INDE MET THEM AT THE EDGE OF TOWN WITH SUPPLIES AND INSTRUCTIONS.

THE HOUR OF YOU SPLIT UP, SAID THE BANK AND THE EXPRESS OFFICE AT THE SAME TIME. I'LL COVER ALL OF YOU IN THE STREET. WE'LL OUTSIDE THE PLACES AT NINE O'CLOCK SHARP!



IF BAEZ GETS IN THE WAY WITH THAT STUPID SIX-GUN HE CARRIES, I'LL FIX HIM!



AT NINE
THE NEXT
MORNING,
THE TOWN
HAS BEGIN-
NING TO
AWAKEN...
BUT NO ONE
NOTICED
THE POLE
BESIDE THEM
IN TOWN.



HERE THEY COME--REMEMBER
WHAT THE MARSHAL SAID
LEAVE THE VAULT OPEN, LET
THEM TAKE THE CASH. DON'T
PUT UP A FIGHT! WHAT BAEZ
WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM WHEN
THEY GET OUTSIDE AGAIN!



CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

THE DELIGHTED BANDITOS CLEARED OUT
THE BANK VAULT QUICKLY....



...AND THE EXPRESS OFFICE, NOB BURNS, HAS MADE UP FAKE SHEARS OF
BILLS FOR THE BORDER BANDITS!



IT WAS THEN THE FRONTIER
MARSHAL APPEARED, COOL
CONFIDENT, BUT HE WAS
ONLY ONE MAN AGAINST FOUR!



THAT'S FINE
BUZZY, INDEED!

LATER...

IT IS
AS EVERYONE SAYS;
GENO, THE GUN IS
MAGIC!

I SAWKIN IT IS, IN A
WAY, PABLO, ANYHOW.
IF OHLHOTTER'S WANT
TO THINK SO, I WON'T TELL
'EM DIFFERENT!



SIX - GUN HEROES

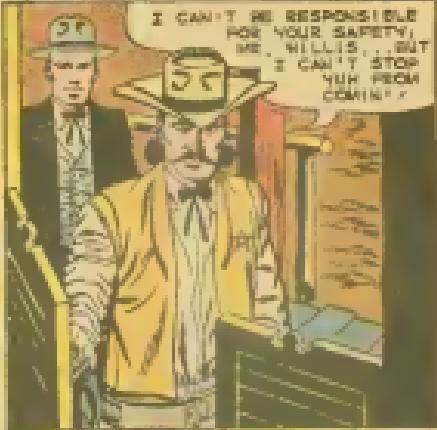
WILD BILL HICKOK

IN GILA RIVER FRACAS

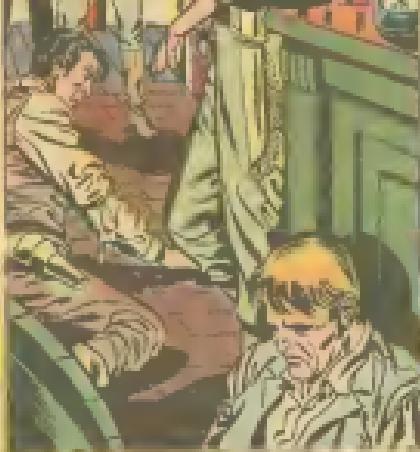
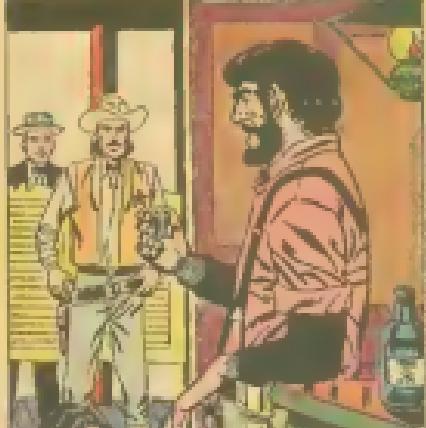
WILD BILL'S FAME AS A FIGHTING MARSHAL WAS WIDESPREAD--IT WAS NO SURPRISE TO ANYONE WHEN THE EASTERN REPORTER CAME TO INTERVIEW THE BRONCHED LAWMAN...



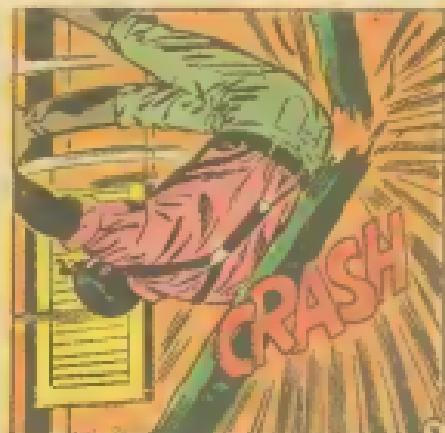
CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!



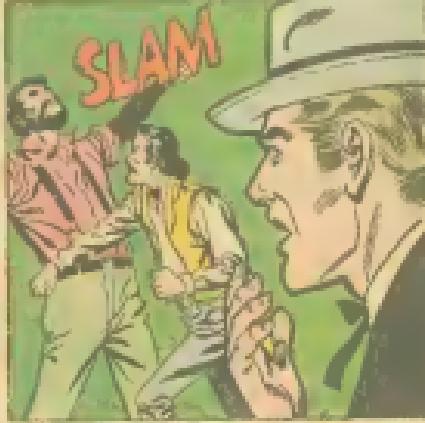
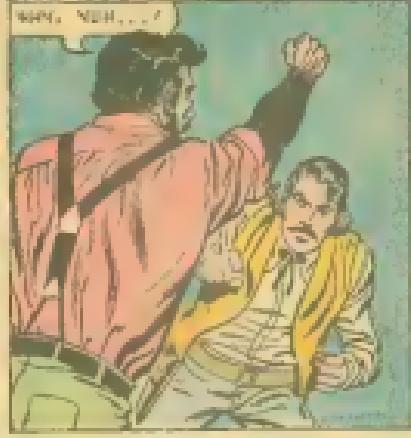
THE PLACE WAS QUIET... QUIET WITH
FEAR OF THE GIANT WHO STOOD THERE.



SIX - GUN HEROES



CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!



SIX - GUN HEROES



LOST & FOUND

The man entering Hogerville on foot was tall and well built. His Stetson was worn at an angle. His gun belt was low on his hip. His checkered shirt was expensive and his high boots had been made especially for him by Lawmen & Murphy. His face was sunburned but at the given moment it looked as though half of the dust from the desert and the mountain were laid on his face. Definitely he was tired. And why not? He had walked a distance of twelve miles carrying his saddle. He stopped a youngster with a question.

"Where's the sheriff's office?"

The boy pointed to a store next to the general store of the town. The man walked up the wooden plankings and deposited his saddle next to a chair. Then he walked into the office. Sheriff Joe Mootz was enjoying his afternoon game of checkers with his deputy, Bill Campbell.

"It's your move," urged the sheriff. "You just can't take all day long to decide whether or not you want to move that one checker."

"Why can't I?" demanded the deputy. "Where am I going? Should I be some place else? Got plenty of time, and you're not going to hurry me at all."

For full five minutes the stranger waited for the deputy to move one checker. Then he decided to speak.

"Hate to interrupt this game, but I have a complaint to make. I don't know whether or not my horse was stolen or wandered away."

The sheriff got up from his chair and looked at the young man. Then he smiled a bit.

"You looking for a bay gelding with a strip and stripe and four white socks? Got dark brown eyes and a black mane and tail. Answers to the name of Star."

"That's my horse," claimed the young man. "Thank's a lot for finding Star."

"Haven't found your horse at all," explained the sheriff. "It just happens that you too have been a victim of that horse trader, Irv Jones. Or whatever he calls himself now. He sold that same horse to about twenty other men. You paid out more than two hundred dollars in cash for it and figured it was a very good bargain."

The young man sat down on a chair. He shook his head sadly.

"Just shows you that in this world you live and learn. How does he work it?"

"He's got that horse perfectly trained," explained the sheriff. "Chances are he was walking you. But always out of sight. Then he sort of talks to the horse. If you staked him down, he'd pull out the stakes. If you hobbled him, he'd

get away. And if you were plumb foolish enough to throw the reins down, he'd wait till you were asleep on your saddle and then vanish."

"I'll see that this Irv Jones is behind bars for that trick of his," replied the young man.

"Tell me how to do it and I'll help," snapped back the sheriff.

"My name is Jeff Sickles," said the young man slowly.

The deputy's eyes almost popped out of his head. Who in the West hadn't heard about the young owner of the fabulous Big Drift Gold mine?

"Then I guess we get him," said the sheriff. "You got a couple of badges yourself so I don't have to swear you in as a special deputy. Guess you'll want the famous Barber Shop. Just walk straight down. Near the library music."

An hour later a refreshed young man left Gingham's Barber Shop. He had taken a warm bath. Then a good shave. The dust had been shaken out of his clothing. However a quick purchase at the general store had produced a new shirt and a clean pair of riding pants. Then he ate a hearty meal and headed for the town's weekly paper.

A charming young girl greeted him with just one sentence.

"Yearly subscription in two dollars. We guarantee you get it every week."

"I want to see the owner of this paper," replied Jeff Sickles.

"Speaking to her in person," replied the young lady. "I am Miss Jane Tilden. Owner, editor, publisher, and star reporter all rolled into one. Even do some illustrations myself."

"Fine," agreed the young man. "I want you to print one thousand notices for me. I'll give you a good description of the man. There's a thousand dollars reward for his capture."

Jane Tilden wondered what it was all about. Her business sense told her to demand payment beforehand.

"You can have those notices all done in three days. It will cost you forty dollars. Payment beforehand. What's the name?"

The young man took out a thick wallet. He handed her a hundred dollar bill.

"Name's Jeff Sickles," he told her. "I'll take my change now. But if you haven't got it, then I'll wait three days."

She had the change and Jeff returned to the sheriff's office. Briefly he explained his plan.

"Round up about fifty men for me. I'll give them five dollars a day to distribute the wanted notices. Irv Jones will regret the day he named dishonest. We'll get him. But how and when

will be the big question."

The sheriff took care of getting the men. The high wages brought in cowboys from the adjoining areas as well as other men who didn't object to adding to their income. Jeff then devoted himself to spending some time at the newspaper office.

"How did a charming girl like yourself ever land in this small town?" he asked. "And as the owner of a newspaper?"

"Dad was an editor," she explained. "Came out West to try to regain his health. He died last year. Told me to continue the paper as long as possible. Since I publish all the county notices I don't think I'll starve to death."

"Starving to death sort of reminds me of meat time," he told her. "I see there is only one place in town to eat. At the Widow Davis' place. So please do me the honor of being my guest."

Mrs. Davis was flattered that the West's famous millionaire had come to dine at her establishment. For this special occasion she used her dishes without the cracks in them.

"The food isn't bad," smiled Jeff as he paid the bill. "And I think I like this town."

Jeff remained in town for the rest of the week and saw Jane every day.

"I could make you an offer to leave this town," he told her. "Want to listen?"

"No," she told him. "I am going to stay here. Nothing can tempt me away."

On Monday, Chief Long Hand and son of his horses appeared before the sheriff's office. They had a captive. One Irv Jones who was riding Star.

"We find him," announced the chief. "He hide in valley. But we find him. We give him to you. We get money. Reward help us."

Jeff had left the reward money with the sheriff and it was paid to Chief Long Hand. The horse was placed in a livery stable. Jeff came over to see the prisoner.

"Everyone was looking for me," sighed a

tired middle aged man. "Sure I tried that trick on a lot of people. Star always came back to me. It seemed simple. But this time I tried it on the wrong man. He just kept on getting half of the West to look for me. My mother used to say that you could fool people for so long and no longer. The law would finally catch up with you. Guess she was right."

The deputy took his prisoner to the county seat for trial which took place on the following month. Irv Jones had a lot of money in his saddle bags — more than enough to repay the people he had defrauded.

"Guess there isn't anything so keep you in our town," said the sheriff as he started to play another game of checkers.

"That Miss Jane is a very nice gal. I just can't get used to the idea of a woman editor of a paper. It seems to me that a woman should get married. Yes sir, she belongs in a big home."

"I agree with you," smiled Jeff. "I better make it clear to her."

So Jeff went over to the newspaper office. He was facing Jane who had just cleaned her hands of the printer's ink.

"I don't think I made myself clear the first time," he told her. "When I spoke to you about an offer to leave town, I didn't mean a business offer. I meant as my wife."

"Well, why didn't you make it clear," said Jane as she headed for two outstretched arms. "Dad also told me to sell the paper when I got a good offer. The sheriff wants to buy it."

The sheriff was so intent about his checker game that he didn't feel the hand of his friend, Sam Arkin, on the shoulder.

"That horse Star is here alone. Wonder if he's looking for Jeff?"

The sheriff didn't look up. You must never bother a man when he plays checkers. Or when he has found the girl of his dreams.

— THE END —



Rocky Lane

BUSHWHACKED

HE'D BEEN CHASING TED COLEMAN FOR THREE DAYS--COLEMAN HAD A FAST HORSE AND A LONG LEAD--BUT BLACK JACK HAD CHEATED ON THE BUSHWHACKING COW-FOOTER--ROCKY LANEE HAD OLVED TO HIS DEADEY--CHECKED HIS COLT FOR THE SPURRODEY--HE HEADEE SAN THE S'FLAMM WHO LINED HIS SIGHTS ON THE LARVAN AND...



"SO ON, COLEMAN--
I'LL CATCH UP WITH
YOU AT THE NOTCHY!"

THE BUSHWHACKEE PUMPED A FEESH .44
SLUG INTO HIS RIFLE AND MOVED
CLOSER TO THE DOWNED LARVAN AND
HIS HORSE...

"LOOKS
LIKE I GOT 'EM BOTH
WITH ONE SLUG BUT
...JUST TUR MAKE
SURE..."



CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!



SIX - GUN HEROES

WHILE THE OUTLAW WAS SHAKING OFF THE PUNCH, ROCKY RAN THROUGH THE FOLDED WANTED DOODERS IN HIS POCKET UNTIL HE FOUND...

JOSEPH LEON! THIS GENT WILL GO BACK WITH US TOO. BLACK JACKY GET UP, LEON!



PEEL, SETTER, BUSTER! STRONG ENOUGH TUR LEAD ME TUR THAT CAMP YEH MENTIONED WHILE I HAS DOWN A WHILE AGO?

I AIN'T LEADING YEH MONKIES, LANE! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME, BITHREE!



LEON'S HORSE WAS WEAR--ROCKY WAITED UNTIL BLACK JACK WAS STRONGER, THEN THEY STARTED--ROCKY LAUGHED. LEON'S HORSE, LEON WALKED, AND BLACK JACK FOLLOWED, STILL SHAKY ON HIS LEGS!

DON'T TRY TUR CROSS ME, LEON! THE CAMP'S DOWN IN THIS CANYON. ISN'T IT?



CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

LEON HAD THE DERRINGER--A .41 CALIBER GAMBLER'S GUN. HE'D MADE ONE MISTAKE--HE DIDN'T HAVE THE RUMMIE BACK--IT TOOK ONLY A SPLIT SECOND TO COCK IT--A SPLIT SEC--ONCE TOO LONG!



I FIGURED YOU MIGHT HAVE A HIDE-OUT GUN, LEON. YOU WAIT RIGHT HERE FOR ME--I'LL BE BACK SOON!



THE SECRET MARSHAL LEFT BLACK JACK ON THE HILL WITH LEON. HE WENT DOWN INTO THE CANYON ALONE!

THERE'S COLDMAN--HE'S WITH TWO OTHER GENTS. THE LAW IS AFTER TOO!



THAT'S COLDMAN TALKIN'--HE'S THE MARSHAL WITH A LOUDMOUTH! SO LEON HAILED THE MARSHAL WITH ONE BULLET! HE'LL BE ALONG IN A MINUTE--WE'VE GOTTA CHIP IN A HUNDRED ANOTHER FORTY FIVE DOLLARS.



BOBBY LANE'S DOWN THERE, BOBBY! HE'S BEHIND THAT ROCK!

THAT'S LEON--SPREAD OUT!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

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For sale a Large Collection
of Early American [or pre-
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in mounted album pages above
1000 mounted on page.

...and the following year, 1907, he became a member of the U.S. Commission of 100 to 120 different groups from all over the world — Norway, Germany, Italy, Mexico, etc.

卷之三

Stomach. Molted. Pharynx and oesophagus were empty. Intestines intact. Oesophagus and pharynx were empty. Intestines full after having eaten 200 mg. of cornmeal and water.

Post All yours for only 25c
**LARGE ALBUM and STAMP
COLLECTION**
plus...

1990-91



БЫТЬ СОВАМ, БЫТЬ ПАДАЮЩИМИ ПТИЦАМИ

1880, the author, William Brewster, became a member, and, in 1882, the Museum opened its doors to the public. The building is a Gothic structure, with a square tower, and contains an auditorium, a reading room, a library, a large hall, and a room for the display of natural history specimens. The Museum is open to the public on all days except Sunday, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

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BUSH THIS GOVERNMENT

Remember that teachers and librarians often
don't have budgets, though, so keep costs down.

CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

THE THREE GUNSLINGING COWBOYS
SCATTERED—ONE SPOTTED ROCKY AND
HE THREW THE FIRST SHOT!

THERE HE
IS!

VEEEAAAHHH!



THE TWO LEFT STILL HAD THE EDGE
UNTIL ONE OF THEM HEARD THE THUNDER
OF HOOPS, TURNED, AND SAW BLACK JACKY!

WHAT
THAT?



PICK THEM UP,
COLBURN! WE'VE
GOT T'UH GET STARTED
ED BACK! NICE
BOY! BLACK
JACK!



LATER, WITH FOUR PRISONERS IN-
STEAD OF ONE... THE MARSHAL STARTED
FOR TOWN.

WE WERE LUCKY AGAIN.
BLACK JACKY JUST SO HE KNEW
ENOUGH T'UH USE THE BREAKS WHEN
WE GOT 'EM. HE'LL DO ALL RIGHT!



END

SIX - GUN HEROES

Annie Oakley

'QUEEN OF ALKALI FLATS'

AND SO, WE PRESENT
YOU WITH THIS
CROWN, ANNIE. YUH'RE
THE QUEEN OF ALKALI
FLATS!

THE TOWN WAS AS DESOLATE AS ANY
FRONTIER TOWN COULD BE--BUT THE
FOUNDING FATHERS OF ALKALI FLATS
WERE DETERMINED TO CELEBRATE THE
FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS BIRTH--
AND THEY PLANNED FESTIVITIES IN-
CLUDING A BEAUTY CONTEST. ANNIE
OAKLEY, ONLY PASSING THROUGH,
WAS CHAUNCELY ELECTED THE
BEAUTY QUEEN!

YEAH,
ANNIE--YOU WERE ELECTED
BECAUSE THERE AINT
MANY FEMALES IN TOWN!



CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

I USE MY
SIX-SHOOTERS
ON OCCASIONS
LIKE THIS,
SMARTALECK.

SHE GOT MORE
NUMBER, MIMBO.
HIS SHOT UP
HAS GOT AWAY FROM
HIM. LET DECENT
PEOPLES ENJOY THE
FESTIVITIES.

MIMBO DRIFTED AWAY... HIS THREE CROWDS
WITH HIM... AND THEY WERE UP TO SOMETHING.
SHE KNEW IT.

WHO'S THAT
GALLOOT,
ME, JIMSON?
HE LOOKS
REAL BAD
TUM ME!

HE IS, ANNIE. WE
FLICKER HIM AN.
HIS PALS ARE
SIX-SHOOTERS
BUT WE DON'T
KNOW FOR SURE.



...AND THOSE FOUR ARE
LIGHTIN' FAST I'LL
BET. AN ORDINARY GENT
FAIRLY FAST ON THE
DEAR, YOU WON'T STAND A
CHANCE WITH THEM!

THE LOCAL
MINERS CAN'T
PUT THEIR DUST
IN A BANK--WE
AIN'T GOT ONE /
--SO WE STORE
IT IN THE
ASSAY OFFICE /
MIMBO AND HIS
PALS HAVE BEEN
HANGIN' AROUND
THERE FOR
THREE DAYS /

TAN MIMBO HAD HIS PLAN
ALL WORKED OUT. HE'D
FIGURED THINGS SO
THEY'D HAVE THEIR MONEY
WHEN THE FESTIVITIES
WERE GOING FULL BLAST.

THEY'VE GOT A BAND
CONCERT SCHEDULED--
THEY'RE NOISY ENOUGH
TO COVER A CIVIL WAR
BATTLE. WE'LL BUST
INTO THE PLACE WHEN
THE BAND STARTS.



SIX - GUN HEROES

ANNIE
TRIED TO
FORGET
MINDO AND
BUDDY THE
DAY.
BUT SHE
KEPT
LOOKING
FOR THE
BUNCH/
THEY'D
DISAP-
PEARED.

I AIN'T FELT THIS GOOD
SINCE I WELLED TUH
THE STILL BACK HOME!

I'VE GOT TO GET
AWAY--CHECK ON
THEM!



HEY, MR. JIMSON!
SOMEONE'S RUSTIN' IN
THE ASSAY OFFICE!

I KNOBBED IT! I
FIGGERED TAN MINDO
WAS UP TUH SOMETHIN'!

JOSH JIMSON STARTED FOR
THE ASSAY OFFICE... AND
WAS ROCKED BY A DYN-
AMITE BLAST AS HE HEADED
THE DOOR!



CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

MINGO KEPT THE MINERS BACK--TWO OTHERS IN BACK KEPT THE MEN AT BAY--THREE/ ONE MAN LOADED THE GOLD IN--TO SADDLE BAGS--

I GOT ONE MORE LOAD OF GOLD IN THERE!

MINGO SAID
HE'D RIDE
OUT THE
WEST END
OF TOWN--

THEY GOT THE
GOLD, JOSH,
WE GONNA LET
EM GET AWAY?

HOPE--ANNIE
OAKLEY'S WAITIN'
DOWN THE STREET;
WE GOTTA CHASE
EM TOWARD HER!

SHE IS ONLY
A FEMALE;
JOSH, SHE
CAN'T STOP
MINGO!

JUST WAIT, SON;
JUST WAIT AN'
SEE!

MINGO
LED THE
BUNCH
OUT INTO
THE
STREET--
THEIR
SIX-GUNS
BLAZING
AND THE
MINERS
HAD TO DUCK--

COME ON, BOYS, THESE
JACKRABBITS WON'T
STOP US!

THERE'S THE BEAUTY
QUEEN, MINGO! WHAT'LL
WE DO?

KEEP GOIN'--SHE'LL GET
OUT OF THE WAY--
OR ELSE!



SIX - GUN HEROES



MINO WAS THE LAST AND HE DIDN'T
CARE IF ANNIE OAKLEY HAD A FEMALE
---HE AIMED HIS COLT AND...



LATER...THE BAND PLAYED ON... TOM
SUE
THIS
SHINDIG, NOW,
MR. JIMSON!



END

CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

LASH LARUE

IN 'TROUBLE IN BONANZA'

LASH WAS JUST A FEW SHORT MILES FROM BONANZA, THE GOLD MINING TOWN, WHEN HE SAW THE STAGE HOLD-UP. THIS BEGAN A SERIES OF STRANGE, MYSTERIOUS EVENTS THAT LASH HAD TO FIGHT THROUGH WITH GUN AND RIDE TO FIND AN ANSWER...



SIX - GUN HEROES

LAST CONTINUED ON TO BONANZA WHERE ROD STARKES HAD BEEN MADE...



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

HIGH-EDGED AWAY FROM THE CROWD, TONYING HUGGET
WITH HIM...

HOW MUCH BEN PUT UP? \$20,000? US
MONEY HAS BEEN SETTLED. WHO PUT UP \$20,000?...
WHO PUT IT UP, AN' WHO'S HOLDIN' THE STAKES?...

BEN SAW THAT THE BASHER
AN' HIS MANAGER COVERED IT
AN' HE'S GONE OFF IT IN HIS SATEL.
WE'LL LOSE IT ALL.

NOT ON FORGETTAHWHY!
HUGGET TELL THEM I'LL
FIGHT THIS BASHER
ONE...



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

HUGGET, HANG ONTO
MY GUNBELT AN' WE'LL
WE'VE GOT A HUNCH!

THERE'S THE
DEAL!

THE BASHER SWUNG WITH A RIGHT AND A
LEFT. LASH HOOKED A LEFT HIGH ON THE
BASHER'S FACE. THEN THE BASHER THREW
A LONG STRAIGHT-UP LANDING...



LASH WOKE UP AND, ROLLING WITH THE SHRIET-
NESS OF A PUNTING PUNK, THREW FOUR
SHARP BLOWS TO THE BIG FUG'S BODY...



THE FOGHED SHEDDED WITH LASH SLAMMING
AWAY AT BASHER'S BODY...



THAT HURT HIM.
SOFTENED HIM UP,

LASH, YOU'VE
GOT ME!

LET ME
WIPE OFF
YOUR FACE
AN' EVEL...

CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

THE BELL SIGNALLED ANOTHER ROUND... LASH
WAS UP, PAINING AT HIS EYES...

MY EYES... BURN LIKE
FIRE! I CAN HARDLY SEE...



HAW BLINDED. HAW DUCKED UNDER A HOOK
HE LEFT THEM, THROWING ALL HE HAD IN A
DESPERATE GAMBLE. HIS RIGHT SUMMED
UP TO BASHER'S JAW AND HIT HOME...

THAT SETTLES
ONE FIGHT!



HAWSET... MY
WHIP AND GUN...



BEER
5¢



HOOT IT... BOTH
OF YOU!



A FIGHTER AND HIS MANAGER, PLAIN IN SMALL
TOWNS, WOULDN'T HAVE \$40,000 TO COVER
YOUR BETS? I'LL BET YOU MHEES
DIDN'T SEE EIGHT WOMEN COVERED
ON YOUR OWN BIGH COVERED IT.
ONE FIGHTER, THEN ASSUMED
TO HAVE HIS FIGHTER KIDNAPPED.
HE RIBBED ANYONE IN HIS EYES
TO MAKE SURE.



I... I DIDN'T
BREAK THE LAW.
JUST USED A
LITTLE TRICK...

YEAH, TO TRICK THESE
WIMMIES OUT OF \$40,000!
THAT'S CONSPIRACY TO
DEFRAUD, COOPER,
WE'LL GET THE OTHERS
EASILY NOW!





DRAW ME*

You may win a \$430* scholarship
in commercial art

*Draw cowboy's head with pencil, 5 inches high. As winner of contest, you get a complete art course—free training for a money-making career in advertising art, illustrating, cartooning, or landscape or portrait painting. You are taught, individually, by professional artists on the staff of world's largest home study art school, founded over 40 years ago.

Many former students of this school are now earning upwards from \$150 a week. Some over \$30,000 a year. Among all commercial artists today, one out of every ten, it's estimated, has studied with this school. Try for this free art course! Winner also gets professional drawing supplies and a series of valuable art textbooks. Entries for February 1960 contest must be received by February 29. None required. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified.

Use **1**, coupon line and the postcard form.

3 **ART**, 1010 North Union Street, Akron, Ohio 44311
Please enter my drawing in your school contest.

10 **ART**, 1010 North Union Street, Akron, Ohio
Please enter my drawing in your school contest.

Name: _____
Address: _____
Age: _____
City: _____
State: _____
Date: _____

Name: _____
Occupation: _____
Address: _____
Age: _____
City: _____
State: _____
Date: _____

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